



Clint Snyder

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WOMAN HOLDING a LEASH

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WOMAN HOLDING a LEASH was first produced December 13, 2010 in the Pavilion Theatre at the University of Maine under the title "Leash Kid Learns a New Trick."

DUNCAN: Caleb Perry

MISS NORMA: Britney Mitchell

WOMAN HOLDING a LEASH

COLLECTION. It's definitely a woman's world in this zany collection of three short plays, where the women pull the strings, or in this case, hold the leashes! In "Woman Holding a Leash," a grown son asks for a longer leash, literally, since his mother makes him wear a dog collar and leash in public. In "Girl's Little Daddy," a father visits his "adorable" daughter in a juvenile prison, where she threatens to stab him with a Barbie shank if he doesn't buy her a videogame. In "Amazon Nation," a zookeeper shows some visitors a cage containing the last man on earth and teaches them an ancient form of English called "nagging" so that they can communicate with the beast.

Performance Time: Approximately 45 minutes.

WOMAN HOLDING a LEASH

(1 M, 1 F)

MISS NORMA: Powerful elementary school nurse with a superiority complex; large in size and in personality; speaks with a thick southern accent and wears loud clothes.

DUNCAN: Miss Norma's son, a grown man; looks down a lot, speaks with a southern accent, wears glasses and a dog collar and leash.

GIRL'S Little Daddy

(1 M, 1 F)

MIMI: Adorable girl; wears a prison uniform, has pigtails, and sports a temporary tattoo. Can be played by an adult dressed like a girl.

HAROLD: Mimi's rich, submissive father.

AMAZON Nation

(1 M, 5 F)

GOLDIE: Overly enthusiastic zookeeper.

ADAM: Last man on the planet who resides in a zoo; speaks with a New York accent; has an overall sloppy, dirty appearance; wears sweatpants and grease-stained T-shirt.

LYNN: Rich, sophisticated woman; wears frilly clothes.

MARIE: Soccer mom; wears frilly clothes.

KAT: Marie's daughter, a spoiled girl; wears frilly clothes.

PAIGE: Unenthusiastic woman; wears dark frilly clothes.

Setting

“Woman Holding a Leash”: Super store with sale signs posted everywhere. There is a small display of rubber craft stamps used for scrapbooking.

“Girl’s Little Daddy”: Visiting room at a minimum security juvenile prison. There is a small table with two chairs placed on opposite sides of the table. Since it is a minimum-security juvenile prison, there is no glass separating inmates from visitors.

“Amazon Nation”: A zoo, several hundred years in the future. There is a cage CS that is large enough to contain a man. Inside the cage is a TV, a sleeping bag, and several bags of chips and/or other junk food items. A lunchbox is located on the side of the cage.

Props

“Woman Holding a Leash”: Purse, leash, collar (not blue), fabric, rubber craft stamps.

“Girl’s Little Daddy”: Candy, small gift bag, doll.

“Amazon Nation”: Cattle prod, cameras, lunchbox, 5 fly swatters, purses, sandwich, piece of paper, pen, 3 purses.

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SOUND EFFECT

"Amazon Nation": Zapping sound

"MOTHER,
do you THINK,
Maybe,
I COULD get
a LONGER LEASH?"

—DUNCAN

WOMAN HOLDING a LEASH

(AT RISE: Super store. Sale signs are posted everywhere and there is a display of rubber stamps for crafts. Miss Norma is rummaging through her purse and holding a leash, which is attached to her grown son, Duncan.)

MISS NORMA: (*Rummaging through purse.*) Where is that coupon? Duncan!

(*Miss Norma yanks on Duncan's leash.*)

DUNCAN: Yes, Mama?

MISS NORMA: Go out to the car and fetch my sandwich baggie of coupons. (*Duncan nods and starts to exit. Miss Norma yanks on the leash without concern for Duncan's safety.*) Actually, stay here. We'll fight this tooth and nail at the register. These cashiers are bona fide criminals...not nearly as bad as child abductors, though, which are everywhere, mind you, just waiting to snatch up precious bundles of joy such as yourself.

DUNCAN: (*Smiles.*) Nobody's gunna come after me, Mama. I'm too ugly.

(*Pause. Miss Norma stares at him.*)

MISS NORMA: I worry, Duncan. I turn in my bed at night at some of the things you say. You are prime rib to these people—an all-you-can-eat buffet for the eyes, a Greek god of the modern world.

DUNCAN: Do you really think so?

MISS NORMA: I know so. Why, I'd date you myself, if I wasn't a Christian woman. Luckily, my self-control and morality know no bounds.

DUNCAN: (*Sheepishly.*) Do you think, maybe, I could sleep in my bed tonight instead of the basement?

MISS NORMA: You're still in trouble for not finishing your chores yesterday.

DUNCAN: But I washed your car, did the dishes, folded the laundry, mopped the floors, vacuumed the house, cleaned the gutters... (*Takes a breath.*) ...painted the garage, cooked dinner, walked the dogs, and paved the driveway.

MISS NORMA: Yes, but you only gave the garage two coats of paint. Now, what would people think if they came over and saw some paint from the garage peeling off? They might think that we're not well-adjusted. Is that what you want? To be shunned from civilized society? For people to think we're not normal?

DUNCAN: No, that's not what I was trying to say. I just meant that most of the chores were done completely.

MISS NORMA: I'm not happy with you, Duncan, and if I'm not happy, then nobody should be. I read that on a bumper sticker once. You can find some of life's greatest pieces of wisdom floating around on bumper stickers.

DUNCAN: Ohhh, like the one with the picture of the earth that says, "You're not my mother. You're just a dumb, emotionless rock."

(*Pause.*)

MISS NORMA: (*Doesn't get it.*) Yes, bumper stickers are wonderful. I'm wilting over here, Duncan. Find me a stool. I need to rest my tired feet.

DUNCAN: (*Looks around.*) We're in the middle of a grocery store, Mother. There aren't any stools around.

(*Pause.*)

MISS NORMA: (*Sternly.*) I said...I want a stool. (*Frantically, Duncan looks around for a stool and then gets on his hands and*

knees. Miss Norma sits on Duncan's back.) There. *(Sighs.)* My whole body was in unbearable pain for a moment there.

DUNCAN: *(Exasperated.)* Yes, Mama. *(Pause.)* People in the store are making eyes at us.

MISS NORMA: They're just jealous of your unnatural beauty. I did warn you of this, didn't I?

DUNCAN: Yes, yes, you did. But do you think that...that they might think it's a little strange, maybe, that you're sitting on me?

MISS NORMA: Don't be ridiculous. We're problem solvers, you and I. There were no stools around—this was the problem—which I brilliantly solved by improvising. *(Pleased with herself.)* Come to think of it, they must just be amazed at my brilliance.

DUNCAN: *(Growing desperate, points.)* There's a sale on stamps over there.

MISS NORMA: Stamps? *(Stands up. Duncan is temporarily relieved. She then drags him like a leashed dog over to the rubber stamp display.)* I adore stamps. Duncan, come look at this one. It's a panda bear with writing on the bottom that says, "I'm Beary glad you love me." It's just a riot, isn't it?!

DUNCAN: *(Without emotion.)* I can hardly contain myself, Mother.

MISS NORMA: And just look at this one! It has a turtle with a seashell bra. How edgy, how promiscuous...it melts my heart.

DUNCAN: Mothe—

MISS NORMA: Shut up, dear. *(Pillages through the stamps.)* Oh, my gosh, a polka-dotted elephant from the retired Sensational Safari collection! Just wait till the girls see this!

(Duncan picks himself up.)

DUNCAN: What are they for anyway?

MISS NORMA: What's that?

DUNCAN: The stamps. What do you use them for?

(Pause.)

MISS NORMA: They are my creative outlet, Duncan. I need them for cards and scrapbooks. Why, if I didn't have them, I might simply explode from the backup of creative juices.

DUNCAN: But, I-I was in the basement the other night sleeping—on the floor again—and I, well, I saw some boxes, boxes of stamps all piled up and never even used. It just seemed a-a little...wasteful.

MISS NORMA: Duncan, I know it's a difficult concept for a young undeveloped brain such as yours to grasp onto, but when you're a successful, powerful, elementary school nurse such as myself, you sometimes have to set your creative dreams aside.

DUNCAN: I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking.

MISS NORMA: No, you weren't, but that wasn't you talking, was it?

DUNCAN: It wasn't?

MISS NORMA: No, no, no. I could tell from the moment those words slipped out of your mouth that they were put there by an unshaven, Ford-driving, pig of a devil.

DUNCAN: The devil drives a Ford, Mama?

MISS NORMA: Yes, dear, but I meant your father.

DUNCAN: Oh, we went to the aquarium yesterday.

MISS NORMA: And what did you do there?

DUNCAN: Well, we mostly just looked at fish and lobsters and stuff.

MISS NORMA: I knew it. *(Makes the sign of the cross.)*

DUNCAN: What?

MISS NORMA: Use your head for once, Duncan. I pray for you. I pray for you every night because you're a good boy, but that pervasive dumbness will get you a one-way ticket to hell.

DUNCAN: What do you mean?

(Pause.)

MISS NORMA: Lobsters are red. (*Duncan stares blankly.*)

What else is red...? Think. Use that tiny brain!

DUNCAN: Tomatoes?

MISS NORMA: The devil! Obviously meaning your father has turned in with the dark side and joined a pagan cult. If you listen to him, it's only a matter of time before you get sucked in, too.

(*Pause.*)

DUNCAN: Your purse is red.

MISS NORMA: Don't you sass me! (*Slaps him.*) Now, promise me you'll be more vigilant next time.

DUNCAN: (*Submissive.*) I promise.

MISS NORMA: I don't even know this disobedient child that you have become. How am I supposed to focus on my professional career as a school nurse with a domestic crisis in my life?

DUNCAN: No, don't worry about me. I'll be fine.

MISS NORMA: If by "fine" you mean roaming the streets for money and burning eternally over a lake of fire while demons stab at you with tiny little pitchforks, then, yes, you'll be fine.

DUNCAN: Is there anything I can do?

MISS NORMA: You can follow your mother—the ideal model of a sinless, humble Christian. (*Duncan coughs subtly and averts his eyes.*) Have you caught yourself a cold? Cover your mouth. I can't afford to catch a disease and lose my angelic voice. I have auditions at the community theater next week.

DUNCAN: Again?

MISS NORMA: Those fool directors will come around eventually and come to respect what Father John has continuously referred to as an unique voice. Why, just last month, Mary said that she thoroughly enjoyed my enthusiastic performance.

DUNCAN: Isn't Mary the deaf woman in the front row?

MISS NORMA: Don't make judgments about the disabled, honey. It's uncivilized. They're almost people, too. I've seen Mary make some of the most beautiful striped poodle-stamped gift-card holders.

(Pause. Miss Norma notices Duncan isn't paying attention and yanks on the leash.)

DUNCAN: Mother, do you think, maybe, I could get a longer leash?

MISS NORMA: We've been through this before, Duncan. This leash is there for your protection.

DUNCAN: It does chaff awfully bad, though. *(Adjusts his collar.)*

MISS NORMA: Don't be absurd. I give you plenty of vanilla spice lotion for your neck, don't I?

DUNCAN: Yes, but—

MISS NORMA: Then what could possibly be the problem? Now tie your mother's shoes. *(Yanks chain down to her feet.)* I swear, Duncan, sometimes I don't think you realize how nice you have it.

DUNCAN: Yes, Mother.

MISS NORMA: There are people who would nearly die to be in your position—sinful, godless orphans that pray every night for an insightful mother like me.

(Pause.)

DUNCAN: Mother, what I said before...I just meant that maybe if I had a longer leash, I might be able to reach places easier.

MISS NORMA: Places like a child abductor's car, or the dark caverns of Hades? I don't think so, Duncan. You might get lost out there, dear. It's a big world, and you're practically a baby.

DUNCAN: I just want to...you know, head out every now and then and meet new people.

MISS NORMA: New people? You want to meet new people? Son, I'm the only "people" you'll ever need. I thought you knew that. Don't you love your mother?

(Pause. He thinks.)

DUNCAN: *(Points.)* Oh, look, Mother! There's a sale on fabrics over there!

MISS NORMA: I adore fabrics. You know, Duncan, I can create fabulous pillows out of some of the simplest fabrics. I receive wonderful reviews from everyone that I send them to for Christmas presents.

DUNCAN: *(Under his breath.)* Didn't someone send you a letter bomb one year?

MISS NORMA: What was that?

DUNCAN: I said, "You fill people's lives with holiday cheer."

MISS NORMA: Crafts require a great deal of creativity—creativity and perseverance. Why, anything dealing with craft is a thing of art. This is why witchcraft was celebrated and witches were respected and adored in the early United States culture in the 1300s.

DUNCAN: Yes, Mother. *(Pulls at his collar.)*

[END OF FREEVIEW]

"I Said,
I'M NOT VIOLENT.
NOW, SHUT UP,
FATHER,
OR I'LL STAB YOU
WITH MY BARBIE SHANK."

—MIMI

GIRL'S Little Daddy

(AT RISE: Visiting room at a minimum security juvenile prison. There is a small table with two chairs placed on opposite sides of the table. There is no glass separating inmates from visitors. Mimi, an inmate, is sitting on one of the chairs waiting for her visitor. She is wearing a prison uniform. Harold, her father, enters.)

MIMI: Daddy!

HAROLD: Hey, pumpkin!

MIMI: Did you bring me presents?

HAROLD: Of course, dear.

(Harold shows her a small gift bag.)

MIMI: What is it?

HAROLD: Guess.

MIMI: A pony?

HAROLD: Close.

MIMI: A house?!

HAROLD: Getting warmer...

MIMI: Diamonds and rubies?!

HAROLD: Almost. It's a doll and some candy.

MIMI: (*Disappointed.*) Oh...

HAROLD: What's a-matter? You don't like it?

MIMI: It's...okay...I guess. You have to bring something better next time.

HAROLD: I thought you said you wanted another doll?

MIMI: No, I said I *needed* another doll. Needing something and wanting something are two different things. I carved Barbie into a shank.

HAROLD: Oh. What's a sha—

MIMI: Shank? It's just a really sharp piece of plastic I use to stab people or gouge out their eyes. (*Picks up the new doll and giggles with delight.*)

HAROLD: Why would you need that?

MIMI: I like my space. Also there is a smelly girl a few cells down who tried to smell my hair in the shower, so I stabbed her, and she doesn't try to do that anymore.

HAROLD: Now, sweetie, did you try just asking her to leave you alone?

MIMI: Hmm...well, no, I like the direct approach. Stabbing is much more effective.

HAROLD: But it's not polite.

MIMI: Daddy, polite doesn't always get you what you want.

HAROLD: It isn't always about what you want, dear.

MIMI: (*Confrontational.*) Excuse me?

(*Harold backs off.*)

HAROLD: What was it that you said you wanted for next time, love nugget?

MIMI: (*Distracted.*) Oh...umm... (*Thinks.*) ...truffles.

HAROLD: What?

MIMI: They're mushrooms.

HAROLD: Why do you want that?

MIMI: They're the most expensive food ever invented. I saw it on ["MTV Super Sweet Sixteen"]. They use pigs to hunt them in the woods or jungle or something. [*Or insert the name of another suitable TV show.*]

HAROLD: I thought you didn't like mushrooms.

MIMI: I don't...that doesn't mean I shouldn't have them. If you don't buy them for me, that means you don't love me. You do love me, don't you? (*Harold coughs. Threatening.*) What was that?!

HAROLD: Of course, sugar plum!

MIMI: Good boy. Oh! Also, I need the game, "Drinking Blood 2: The Axe Crusade for the Zombie Blood Spring."

HAROLD: Don't you think that sounds a little violent?

MIMI: Don't you think you've gained a little weight? Maybe that's why mommy left you...

HAROLD: No need to be rude, dear.

MIMI: You know what's rude? Not buying your only daughter a videogame that she needs.

HAROLD: That's what got you in here in the first place, fluff angel.

MIMI: That is not what got me here.

HAROLD: Umm...yes, it is.

MIMI: No...it isn't.

HAROLD: Yes, it is. You played that violent game, and then you went and bit that man's arm in the mall because you said you felt yourself changing into a zombie...that the taste of flesh—

MIMI: I said, I'm not violent. Now, shut up, Father, or I'll stab you with my Barbie shank.

(Harold looks defeated.)

HAROLD: What was the game called?

MIMI: Geez, are you dumb...or just really dumb? It's called, "Drinking Blood 2: The Axe Crusade for the Zombie Blood Spring." It's only the biggest game ever.

HAROLD: *(Mumbles.)* A moron says what.

MIMI: What?

HAROLD: Oh, I, uh, said, "What is the game about?"

MIMI: *(Excited.)* Well, you're a headless zombie, and you have an axe to chop people's heads off, and you chop your way through the Library of Congress.

HAROLD: *(Genuinely trying to be conversational.)* Why are you chopping people's heads off?

MIMI: Umm...duh. Number one...they are in your way to the Blood Spring. And, number two...everyone knows that the most delicious part of a human is the brain.

HAROLD: Oh.

MIMI: I also want a shovel.

HAROLD: I'm not sure they'll let you have a shovel in here, dumpling.

MIMI: They'll let me have it if you do a better job bribing the guards. I have to get out of here. They put me in the same cell that [Martha Stewart] had. The wallpaper is green. (*Disgusted.*) And they only have one pool. [*Or insert the name of another celebrity jailbird.*]

HAROLD: (*Skeptical.*) You're going to dig your way out?

MIMI: Don't be dumb. Of course not.

HAROLD: Oh.

MIMI: You're going to give me money so that I can pay someone to dig me out.

HAROLD: Sugar kitten.

MIMI: Don't call me "kitten"! Cats are disgusting, dirty little things.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

"It's an older form
of English
called "Nagging."

—Goldie

AMAZON NATION

(AT RISE: A zoo, several hundred years in the future. Adam is inside a cage CS. He is wearing sweatpants and a grease-stained T-shirt. The cage contains a TV, a sleeping bag, and several bags of chips and/or other junk food items. Lead by Goldie, a zoo guide, a gaggle of women enter, wearing frilly clothes. They are excited and taking pictures. Goldie is carrying a cattle prod.)

GOLDIE: Ladies, next on our tour of the zoo, we have a very special exhibit.

(Goldie indicates Adam. Women gaze at him with amazement.)

KAT: Ooooooo! Mommy, what is it?

MARIE: I don't know, sweetie. I've never seen anything like it before.

GOLDIE: It's called a... (Says it slowly like it's a foreign word.)
...“man.”

KAT: Man?

MARIE: Yes, very good, dear.

LYNN: (Indicating Adam.) Oh! She's so primitive!

GOLDIE: Actually, this particular animal comes from a time when the English language would actually describe it using the term “he.”

LYNN: How strange.

PAIGE: (Indicating Adam.) It looks ugly.

ADAM: Hey, stop talkin' about me, lady! You're no prize yourself!

MARIE: Oh! How adorable! He's trying to communicate.

ADAM: Yeah, I'm talkin' ta you, ya dumb broad!

KAT: Mommy! He thinks he can speak like people!

MARIE: Don't be silly, sweetie. He's just talking gibberish.

GOLDIE: Now, he does occasionally get a little rowdy like this. Luckily, he seems to respond well to this cattle prod.
(Holds up cattle prod.)

ADAM: Hey, what are you doin'? I'll be good! I swe—

(Goldie touches Adam with the cattle prod. A zapping sound is heard. Adam wriggles on the ground in pain.)

GOLDIE: (To Adam, shouts.) Hey, you! Pick up this mess, you animal! Stop bothering all these nice people, you selfish pig!

LYNN: What was that strange language you were just speaking?

GOLDIE: It's an older form of English called "nagging." Our experts tell me it's the only language that they respond to.

PAIGE: That's such a strange language they speak.

GOLDIE: Actually, it's an ancient female dialect. They can't speak it themselves.

PAIGE: Where do they come from?

GOLDIE: No one knows for sure, but based on their hygiene and dietary habits, our best guess is that they have evolved out of some sort of sewer rat species.

LYNN: Hmm...they do look sort of like some species of rat.

KAT: (Holding her nose.) Well, he definitely smells stinky like a rat.

(Everyone laughs except Adam.)

GOLDIE: Now, this species is very rare. He may even be the last of his kind. Local historians say that most men died out several hundred years ago when the United States officially had its name changed to Femtopia. After that, these little critters started being hunted down for fun and, of course, to prevent the diseases that they carry around with them. Some say they even used to have names, just like real people. (Chuckles.) So, the other zookeepers and I decided to give this little guy a name...Fluffy.

ADAM: My name's Adam, lady.

LYNN: (*Points to Adam.*) Oh, look! He responds to his name.

(*To Adam.*) Don't you, Fluffy?

ADAM: My name ain't "Fluffy."

LYNN: Oh! He did it again! How quaint!

PAIGE: He looks kinda angry to me.

GOLDIE: Oh, don't worry. He's quite happy.

ADAM: (*Menacingly.*) If I ever get out of here, I'll murder *you* first.

PAIGE: (*To Goldie.*) He doesn't bite at all, does he?

GOLDIE: Only when provoked, but luckily the high-fat diet we keep him on keeps him quite docile. Think of him as a chubby little marshmallow.

ADAM: I don't deserve this.

MARIE: (*To Goldie.*) He is kind of chunky. (*To Adam.*) Aren't you just a chunky little marshmallow!

ADAM: You ain't exactly a supermodel yourself.

PAIGE: (*To Goldie.*) What does he do all day? He obviously isn't exercising.

GOLDIE: Well, he stares at this odd little antique television. It comes with a device called a "remote," which is the only way to change the channel. If you take it away from him, he goes berserk and rips up all his surroundings looking for it.

MARIE: My! How peculiar! You have to change the channel with your fingers. Don't its fingernails get in the way?

GOLDIE: These creatures actually don't grow their nails very long, or paint them at all, in fact. He often bites them to keep them short, actually.

LYNN: How savage!

KAT: (*To Goldie.*) Does he do any tricks?

GOLDIE: Well, he does dance a little, but I'm told that this particular species is not very good at it.

KAT: Can we see it, please?

GOLDIE: (*To Adam, shouts.*) You! Get over here and dance around! What do you think this is?! I slave around all day and come home to you slouching around doing nothing!

ADAM: You can't tell me what to do!

MARIE: He's trying to talk again. *(To Goldie.)* Do you think I could try to communicate with it in...um...what did you call it?

GOLDIE: Nagging.

MARIE: Ah, yes..."nagging."

LYNN: *(To Goldie.)* Oh! I want to try, too!

PAIGE: *(To Goldie.)* Could you teach us how to speak "nagging."

GOLDIE: Oh, yes. We can all try it together. It seems to be more effective when there are several women doing it at the same time, anyway. You just stand here, and then you tell him something that he should have done—like a household chore—then throw in an insult, and finish up with why the creature should appreciate you more.

KAT: That sounds fun!

GOLDIE: Okay, let's get started. Lynn, was it?

LYNN: Yes.

GOLDIE: Okay. Stand here and let him have it.

LYNN: *(To Adam.)* Um...you should have washed yourself better. You stink! You stink a lot! You should appreciate me because I don't smell like you.

GOLDIE: That was a good first try. Making the comments personal is very effective, but don't be afraid to really let Fluffy have it. Marie, you go next.

MARIE: *(To Adam.)* Pick up this disgusting mess, you ravenous snake! You're a filthy worm that's good for nothing! You need to respect this because I am a strong, independent woman!

GOLDIE: Very good! Why don't you give it a shot, Paige.

PAIGE: *(To Adam.)* You maggot! You disgusting chauvinistic beer-drinking puke! Help me...do things that I need done because I am a goddess, and you are just...puke.

GOLDIE: That was very creative, Paige. But, remember, the insult comes *after* you tell him what to do. *(Indicating Kat.)* Oh, let the little one give it a shot, too.

MARIE: *(To Kat.)* It's okay. C'mon, Kat, honey, try to communicate with the animal.

KAT: *(To Adam.)* You should have...cleaned my room and...bought me lots of new toys. You are like a smelly, fat homeless woman, except you're not a woman, you dirty animal.

MARIE: That's so good, baby! Now tell him why he should respect you.

KAT: I am a female, and I have emotions. Buy me stuff!

GOLDIE: That was lovely.

KAT: I thought you said he can dance?

GOLDIE: Oh, he can. He just needs a little motivation.

(Goldie gives Adam another zap with the cattle prod. Adam starts dancing poorly and unenthusiastically.)

ADAM: All right, you stupid lady, I'm dancin', I'm dancin'.

LYNN: Oh, it's just marvelous!

GOLDIE: It isn't a very sophisticated dance, and compared to other animals in the zoo, he is not a very intelligent creature.

MARIE: What are these metal bars around him?

GOLDIE: That's actually his cage. We had to revert to a more primitive one because he kept running into the invisible electric force field and hurting himself.

PAIGE: It's so dumb that I almost feel sad for the little thing.

LYNN: What a magnificent specimen. It must be awfully lonely to be the last one of your kind.

PAIGE: *(To Goldie.)* Can't he just clone himself?

GOLDIE: Well, apparently, this mammal does not have the brain capacity to clone himself. We're not entirely sure how they reproduce, but this one seems to be unable to. Sad, really, with him being the last of his species and all.

ADAM: Hey, what are you talking about? I ca—

(Goldie gives Adam another zap with the cattle prod.)

PAIGE: *(To Goldie.)* You said these are ancient creatures?

GOLDIE: Oh, yes.

PAIGE: What did women use them for back then?

GOLDIE: Well, a lot of it is speculation, but some say that they were hunted down and made into coats. You see, their skin somewhat resembles our own, except that it is much hairier and more leathery. Others say that they were just kept in fish tanks as pets for personal entertainment. They are rather interesting to watch. Notice how he has no regard for his personal surroundings or personal appearance. It's almost as if he doesn't care at all that he looks and smells awful.

LYNN: Do you think it's possible that before we ourselves evolved that these beasts were once our equals?

GOLDIE: No, I don't. There have been a few scientists who have speculated that, but it has mostly been written off as a silly idea. I mean, look at him. He doesn't even wax his upper lip.

(All laugh except Adam.)

LYNN: I guess that was a sort of silly idea.

MARIE: *(To Goldie.)* What type of things does he sew?

GOLDIE: Actually, this animal can't sew.

PAIGE: An animal that can't sew!

(All laugh except Adam.)

MARIE: *(To Goldie.)* Are you sure it's an animal?

LYNN: *(To Goldie.)* Perhaps it's just some very large form of bacteria, or like a very mobile plant?

GOLDIE: All of the experts assure me that it is, in fact, an animal.

LYNN: Well, it's not a very useful one then, is it?

GOLDIE: It is very useless, but quite entertaining. Think of watching this animal like watching two hover cars crash into

each other. It's ugly and it isn't doing anyone any good, yet it exists, and we are compelled to watch. We cannot look away.

PAIGE: Well, I can. This is getting pretty boring.

KAT: *(To Goldie.)* Can he do any other tricks?

GOLDIE: He can roll over.

PAIGE: Can he?

GOLDIE: Oh, yes, he does it all the time. *(To Adam.)* Hey, you! Slime bucket! Roll over this instant! I am a woman and have needs, too!

(Adam moves over slightly. All the women are delighted.)

LYNN: How lovely! Are you sure he isn't smart.

GOLDIE: I'm sure. He's just well trained. I don't want to alarm you, ladies, but he can be, in fact, very dangerous at times.

MARIE: What do you mean?

KAT: *(Frightened.)* Mommy?

MARIE: It'll be okay, pumpkin.

GOLDIE: Well, I've never seen it myself, but the rumor is that he can breathe fire.

ADAM: *(Shouts.)* Lady! I'm starving over here! How about a burger?!

LYNN: *(To Goldie.)* What's that he's trying to say?

GOLDIE: I think he's saying he loves your outfit.

LYNN: Oh, my! *(To Adam, speaking very slowly.)* Thank you. Me very happy. Me like your...um...rag things you're wearing.

GOLDIE: Remember, he can't understand you like that.

LYNN: Oh, right. Could you tell him for me? I'm afraid I'm not very good.

GOLDIE: *(To Adam, shouts.)* You dirty pail of fish guts! This lady over here... *(Indicating Lynn.)* ...says thank goodness those rags are covering your body because she would have convulsions from your revolting body! She is a lovely lady.

ADAM: I don't know what you're talkin' about. (*To Lynn.*)
You look like a sunburned manatee that somebody hit with
a train! (*To others.*) Could somebody please get me a burger!

[END OF FREEVIEW]